THE COMMONWEAL

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SAVING THE SOCIAL ORDER

ROUGHLY speaking, the economic problem now pressing itself upon the attention of the nation so unescapably, may be divided into two main aspects. One is the primary matter of its causes, and its cure—or, at least, its substantial alleviation. The other is, of course, the matter of the immediate social effects of the main problem: the relief of the human misery, destitution, hunger (even starvation in certain places), sickness, malnutrition, despondency, and despair produced by unemployment. The second aspect, because of its immediacy, is that which properly demands the major part of the activities of the Catholic Church at present, and will increasingly do so during the winter months ahead of us. That it will do so effectively cannot be doubted: but that its effectiveness may be greatly extended by a wide knowledge of the conditions to be faced, and by more efficient team work among our relief organizations, together with a higher development of executive direction, are also facts which Catholics must deal with promptly and realistically. We hope to aid in this necessary spade work accompanying the Catholic contribution to the effective means of meeting it in a measure commensurate with the tremendous resources of the Church.

Meanwhile, however, it is well to remember that relief of the unfortunate results produced by evil or faulty social systems, or methods, cannot permanently benefit society. While the Red Cross and volunteer physicians and Good Samaritans in general, rush forth to rescue human beings suffering from some great disaster or epidemic, the scientists still go on with their research work into the origins and the possible permanent remedies for the causes of such disasters. So too with our economic problems. We cannot afford to neglect the study of the roots of the matter which now confronts us. For Catholics, anyhow, this means that the study of the encyclical of Pope Pius on "Reconstructing the Social Order" must be carried on unremittingly. That task is being accomplished by the organization which above all others must command the attention and the respect of all American Catholics who are loyal in action as well as word to the principles of their faith, namely, the National Catholic Welfare Conference. Its Department of Social Action is issuing week by week to the diocesan newspapers a series of brief articles dealing with the main ideas of the Pope's message to the world. It is to be hoped that these articles which, so to speak, translate the technical

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language of the papal document into straightforward, simple, every-day English, will later on become the substance of a short book, or authoritative pamphlet, to be spread everywhere by all groups concerned with the practical promotion of Catholic Social Action. In the latest of these articles, the clear light thrown by the National Catholic Welfare Conference upon the fundamental criticism of, and remedies for, the economic system, is particularly lucid, and because it is directed upon the fundamental problems of that system, we believe that we should give it to our readers in the exact words of the Department of Social Action. It reveals the great task which the Pope lays upon the responsible leaders of civilization if that civilization is to be saved from Socialistic or capitalistic slavery:

"Whether industry should continue under the ownership of the few and the control of still fewer and, if not, what form of ownership and control should succeed it and how the change should come about is treated in Pope Pius's encyclical on 'Reconstructing the Social Order.' This, and not simply wages or chance to work is held to be the basic industrial problem. The encyclical by opposing the Communist denial of private ownership and yet urging a fundamental change in capitalism becomes all the more startling. Thus far people have commonly assumed that the alternative is Communism. The encyclical holds to the right of ownership. It also holds that there is nothing essentially unjust in a person working for wages for another. It furthermore holds that it is not of its nature wrong for equipment, tools and materials on the one hand and labor on the other to be supplied by different people. Yet the encyclical proposes three steps which would change capitalism fundamentally.

"One step is to organize all of the members in each occupation in national councils. This would be supplementary to labor union action and the employers' associations. The occupational organizations would 'join forces to produce goods or give service,' would restrain competition, would be self-ruling, and would direct the occupation to the common good. This strikes directly at a system 'of immense power and despotic economic domination' by the owning minority or more exactly by the smaller minority of corporation directors and men in control of credit.

"A second step is to change the wage contract to partnership. Under the wage contract a person is hired and fired at the will of the owners, he is paid only a contracted wage, so long as wages are paid he has no claim to the product which belongs entirely to the owners, he works in the way and for purposes the owners or their trustees order him to work. He is a hired subordinate dischargeable at will. Under the partnership contract he is made sharer in some degree in ownership, management or profits. In addition to the partnership contract, wages should be high enough to permit the working people to save enough so they can attain on that count to a degree of ownership.

"A third change is first to recognize that some types of property permit such domination as to injure the whole community if they are owned privately and then to change them to public ownership.

"A fourth change is that governmental authority is neither to do nothing, nor to be an intermittent meddler or mere guard of law and order. It is to be an active directing body with its code of social legislation and above all its code on the occupational organization of society. It is to represent the common interests and protect and help its various elements. In accord with the natural and divine law, it is "to specify more accurately what is licit and what is illicit for property owners in the use of their possessions.

"This does not mean flat equality of people at their work either in ownership or management or returns. But it does mean a fundamental change in capitalism through the organization of occupations, the shift to a partnership contract, a more equable distribution of property ownership and incomes, a degree of public ownership and the active vigilance of government power."

WEEK BY WEEK

The Right Idea

ENDORSEMENT by the hierarchy of plans to raise $20,000,000 for the Catholic University of America by 1940, when the institution will observe its fiftieth anniversary, comes as good news to all who believe that education and cultural influence go hand in hand. Such an endowment would reclaim the university from the relative inoperativeness to which it has been doomed by years of almost incredible poverty. Few realize that only the heroism of the staff and the loyalty of exceptional scholars has to date prevented a real collapse. Whether the amount proposed can actually be raised within so short a time remains, of course, to be seen. Nobody knows how long the current depression will continue or how it will affect the savings and salaries of those to whom the appeal must be directed. For the moment no more than a quiet endeavor to place a million dollars at the disposal of the university during the coming year has been projected. We think, however, that the law of averages can fairly be trusted in this instance also, and that Catholic generosity, now given a national goal of the utmost importance, can be depended upon. At any rate there can be no doubting the resoluteness with which the members of the hierarchy have pledged themselves to the venture.

Another Cog Slipping

STABILIZING farm produce prices is as difficult here as it is in the rest of the world. Not a single nation on earth has been able to control the value of foodstuffs affected by the international market, even though remedies of varying kinds have been tried. France seems to be an exception, but we need to remember that the Alsace-Lorraine farmer is protected by treaties which enable him to sell in Ger-

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many and the Saar district without having to face tariff barriers. This fact is incidentally one of the chief reasons why the Saar problem is hard to solve. It is therefore, not astonishing that wheat and cotton surpluses in the United States should be mounting to a point where they seem like avalanches about to descend on virtually the whole of agricultural economics. Mr. Stone, of the Farm Board, suggests that every third row of cotton be plowed under in order to prevent the accumulation of twice as many bales as the nation will be able to use next year. This is an idea just as bright as the suggestion that with the proper handling the moon could replenish the earth's gold supply. The difficulty lies in the plowing under—and in getting to the moon. The truth of the matter is that stabilization has failed. We are in for either a general crop reduction caused by bottomless commodity markets or for an equalization fee. Neither prospect is calculated to require the services of a cheer leader.

ON THE other hand, there is a possible outlet for surplus wheat, if the government of the United States wishes to use it. The idea is this: China continues to be harassed by famines, and the immediate future is dark by reason of floods in the Yangtse valley. An American mining engineer proposes that 25,000,000 bushels of wheat now held by the Farm Board should be sold to China in monthly instalments, on the basis of long-term credit. The money may be difficult to collect, but the Orient is wealthy and something worth having will eventually come out of it again. At any rate, the wheat would be as safe and useful in the bosoms of the Chinese as it ever will be here. Previously the suggestion was phrased in terms of Red Cross relief, and abandoned because of alleged impracticability. Yet there is no doubt that China ought to be fed, even according to orthodox Red Cross philosophy. We favor the proposal wholeheartedly and believe it to be the first idea advanced in the name of stabilization which stands a real chance of success.

WHAT may prove to be for the United States a new departure in the way of a sports stadium is envisaged by Nathan Straus, jr., president of the Park Association of New York City, who is in Europe gathering statistics, photographs and motion pictures of park facilities there, especially in Germany. Those who patronize the movies will be familiar from the news reels with the fact that a conception of the use of stadia prevails in Europe which is different from our own. In this country, Mr. Straus has pointed out, we have a score or so men exercising and thousands watching them. Abroad the thousands exercise and the score look on. The stadium envisaged by Mr. Straus "is partly sunk in the ground and screened by trees so that it will not spoil a park's appearance. Covering an area of perhaps fifty acres, it contains facilities for every conceivable type of sport and gymnastics. Part of the equipment is indoors and part in the open air, arranged so that it can be covered by tarpaulins in rainy weather. Swimming pools, shower baths, steam rooms and lockers are also provided, and for a charge of $.10 each 5,000, and in some cases 10,000, persons can indulge in any sport or exercise they prefer." Those who know New York's magnificent park facilities, largely a bequest of a governor whose youth in crowded city streets made him particularly appreciative of what such parks mean in health and happiness to many with no other opportunity to get into the out-of-doors, will not consider the plan a mere pipe dream. Its basic idea might also be recommended, to schools, colleges and communities other than New York City.

Recreation

TO SAY that the new Sterling Memorial Library at Yale is a relative phenomenon may sound like travel literature, but is really based on the reports of various amazed travelers. A foreign visitor recently declared his readiness to explain all America on the basis of this one structure alone. Another writes: "The building is not genuine Gothic: hard-headed business men say that far too much money has been wasted on it; and the average tourist professes not to understand the thing at all. To me it seems that an edifice just like it hovers somewhere in my memory of an old illustrated Bible for children. Was it the Tower of Babel, or a Babylonian palace?" At all events, there are volumes to the number of 1,500,000, and the night watchman on his rounds walks exactly nine miles. There are 2,000 newspapers and periodicals in the room devoted to them—a number which may well appal anybody who claims to have kept up with the news. Most impressive and significant, however, is the foyer, with the form—pillars and everything, even to stained glass—of a mediaeval cathedral. A beautiful confessional booth houses a telephone instead of a priest. The altar is the place at which books are dispensed! Thinking the whole thing over, one is torn between a tendency to find the whole affair just slightly ridiculous and a feeling that is quite unintentionally symbolic. After all, is it not science (of every form and order) to which innumerable moderns bring sacrifice and from which they expect help and solace?

A Noble Pile

IT SEEMS unbelievable that Mrs. Mary T. Waggaman should be dead, or even that she should have reached the ripe age of eighty-five. Few women have identified themselves so closely with childhood and youth. To begin with, she reared eleven sons and daughters of her own, in true Southern style. Then she turned nursery entertainment into story-writing of her own, and published one book after another for the pleasure of Catholic children. Most of these appeared serially in the *Ave Maria,* during the many years when that periodical was edited by the

One Who Loved Children

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great, generous, discerning Father Hudson. As a result, Mrs. Waggaman gained an extraordinarily wide reading public, though her work continued to be a labor of love in the sense that financial reward was never heaped high. Labor is the right word here. In a paper contributed to THE COMMONWEAL some years ago, she wrote: "To the casual reader, juvenile writing may seem light and easy work, and of course it can be made so by writers who feel that it is unnecessary to expend any great effort on stories for children—that almost any simple thing will do. But I have never taken this viewpoint. I can truthfully say that I have given my juvenile readers the best that is in me. And I think that they may have been, in some subtle way, conscious of this sincerity, so warm and sweet and altogether charming have I found their response."

Crime

WITH the words, "we find it impossible comprehensively to discuss the causes of crime or factors in non-observance of law," the Wickersham Commission in its report on "Causes of Crime" turned in the findings of its experts and let matters go at that. On the same day, the Illinois State Department of Public Welfare announced that in the past year, the state's prison and reformatory population increased six times faster than the total population. In an earlier report, we are able to recall that the commission found it possible to discuss with vigor and at length the conditions in American prisons, and this aptitude to deal with persons in prison compared to the present hopelessness of keeping them out, seems to us at least unfortunate. The accolade which the commission's strange agreement on prohibition bestowed upon prohibition enforcement, would indicate that the commission has a natural sympathy with the attitude of the Federal Prohibition Department. "It is true that we produced more cases this July than last," said Prohibition Director Woodcock, and added, "The most significant thing is that a greater number of jail sentences were imposed." That the Wickersham Commission has been able to agree on so many things in the matter of dealing with criminals, and cannot even discuss the prevention of crime, is too bad.

ONE COMMISSIONER, Mr. Henry W. Anderson of Virginia, however, refused to join in this deposition. Judge William S. Kenyon of Iowa likewise did not sign the report, but made no explanation. Fewer laws, better enforced, was the suggestion of Mr. Anderson who pointed to the fact that the American people have created the largest body of laws and most complex system of government now in existence as a restraint on individual conduct, but that every stage in their development has been characterized by a large and ever-increasing degree of lawlessness and crime. The experts yielded the timely information that the ranks of the unemployed produce more criminals than do the employed, and that this disproportion is accentuated in hard times. Miss Mary Van Kleeck of the Russell Sage Foundation, who was the expert in this case, suggested that it would be better for the government to establish a large number of effective employment bureaus than to build new prisons. In this connection it is interesting to note in the annual report of the New York Prison Association that in the past year it obtained employment for 785 out of 2,324 men who applied to it. One may well wonder what happened to the two-thirds of the applicants who were unable to find employment. Though it is to be suspected that crime is largely a city product, the proportion of this responsibility evinced by a study of conditions in Sing Sing Prison was nevertheless amazing, varying from 83.3 percent to 92.2 percent in the ten-year period ended June 30, 1929. These facts, together with those to which there is not space to refer here, are all valuable, and lend weight to the suggestion of Mr. Anderson that a permanent body be organized for "thorough, consistent and scientific study, followed by courageous and constructive social action," for the purpose, we might add, of keeping Americans out of prison instead of sending them in six times as fast as they are born.

In the Plural

A PARTICULARLY confident note has been struck in the symposium in praise of our native land which we have recorded in these columns from time to time, by Mr. Struthers Burt, writing in *Schibner's*. He finds that the processes of stereotyping and centralization to which the country has undoubtedly been subjected, have reached their term, and that the underlying, and almost indefinite, variety of "these United States" (always in the plural) is reasserting itself strongly. "The United States are, in truth," he says, "a great bundle of different-colored skeins, held together, but loosely and absent-mindedly, by a city called Washington." That this variety is strongly rooted in history, Mr. Burt reminds us by sketching swift and telling episodes from Colonial and Civil War days: episodes which reveal how different was the Kentuckian, for example, from the Virginian, and what abysses yawned (and still continue to yawn) between the Vermonter and the denizen of Maine. "With all the quick communication and highways in the world, and any number of overlapping mutual interests," he is sure that "Minnesota will never be like Wisconsin, Maine will never be like Rhode Island, Delaware like Maryland, Iowa like Nebraska, Kansas like Missouri." And this variety, coupled with the "gusto and glamor" bequeathed us by our still-living frontier tradition, is enough, and more than enough, to feed a full national literature, and justify a secure national emotion: "Large as America is, it is possible to bring to her the same passion that we see bestowed upon smaller lands." That passion, "quiet, abiding, clear-sighted," that perception of America "apart from whatever certain fools and rascals may, at the time, be doing to her," is "the feeling which reduces the supply and the power of fools."

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WHAT USE WRITING?

WHILE we willingly confess to not knowing whether Saint Paul the Apostle would have used journalism as an instrument if it had been available in his day, we are aware that the use of the press interests and perplexes all who have inherited a share of his mission in our own day. Catholic journalism is, nearly everywhere, handicapped. To some extent it is burdened with financial disadvantage; again, since religious writing implies in virtually all countries a kind of retreat from the dominant intellectual current, it is difficult to make a Catholic newspaper or periodical appeal to the general public. These limitations in turn breed, even in the best of religious journalists, a justifiable irritation which if not curbed turns readily into sourness and ill temper. The only way out would seem to be joy in the realization that the Church, inside which room transcends by far the boundaries of time and space, is a universe the laws of which enforce their own rewards.

Certain recent comments on Catholic journalism in Britain have helped to fortify these reflections. During the course of an excellent paper on current religious tendencies in Great Britain, written for a French theological journal, Mr. Douglas Carter remarks: "I do not hesitate to say that the attitude of the Catholic press toward Anglicanism keeps many Anglicans from making progress along the route to conversion. Church of England mentality, for all its prejudices, can be influenced by patient reasoning, but is repelled by uncharitable reproaches. I even venture to believe that the Church would lose nothing if the press paid no attention to Anglicanism. A precious addition to Catholic journalism in England would be the creation of a review which would deal with current questions discussed in the lay periodicals, without any of the acrimony of religious controversy that spoils many a Catholic publication, and which would not touch upon such controversies until they envisaged, what rarely happens, fundamental problems." We of THE COMMONWEAL are naturally interested in these remarks, by an eminent Oxford convert; but the reason for adducing them here is by no means special.

What Mr. Carter is suggesting seems to us a re-establishment, in corporate expression, of the true spirit of Catholic culture. Argue as we will, the fact ultimately prevails that the quality of this spirit resides in a species of realism different from all others, at least in the modern world. The Catholic cannot help himself: he is naturally committed to the acceptance of things, but of course to the acceptance of all things. Two thousand years of European experience have bred in him the habit of synthesis—of seeing all things, all points of view, in clearly defined relationship to their Center: and when he is at all true to the Catholic art of life, he knows that what counts is not what is thought, or said, or argued, or flung like brickbats or poison darts, but simply what *is*. He cannot help feeling, when somebody pertly announces, in the name of science, that the world made itself out of nothing in three days, that the important matter is to find out whether this news is really true. And then he begins to find out, not by abandoning what he knows of himself and of God, but by adding this central knowledge to what he can learn about the cosmos. Historically, the results of this attitude have met pretty nearly every test.

One necessary effect of this attitude is awareness of real facts inside the Church, or rather of real facts growing out of the activity of the Church. Manly words have been spoken recently, here and there, about how this reality might affect expression in the Catholic press. "Criticism" taken by itself is useless. But when the critic is a realist—that means a man who describes things as they are, without prejudice or subservience—he is the only conceivable writer in the Catholic spirit. An interesting instance of this is called to mind, again in England, by an article in the *Clergy Review* dealing with Dr. James Spencer Northcote, the man who developed Oscott into a first-class Catholic school. During the fifties, the *Rambler* (a somewhat impatient organ) had frankly criticized the existing Catholic educational system, alleging that its graduates were "worse educated than any corresponding class in any one of the countless sects of Protestantism." This verdict deeply angered Bishop Ullathorne, who flayed the *Rambler* in no gentle manner. But after the bishop had thought the situation over carefully, he realized—great man that he was—the comparative realism of the critic's remarks. Thereupon Dr. Northcote, himself editor of the *Rambler,* was invited by Dr. Ullathorne to undertake the improvement of Oscott. So apt was this choice that the institution quickly gained a position as the chief English Catholic school and the peer of any similar establishment in the country. The *Clergy Review* writer adds the striking fact that Dr. Northcote's work was patterned on that of Dr. Arnold at Rugby, which in turn grew out of a rediscovery of English Catholic tradition.

These cases, taken from experience and discerned as manifestations of right principle in action, can prove valuable not only to American Catholic journalists but to the whole of the mentality these attempt to serve. We need to understand, for example, that the day of pure and simple propaganda has passed. As recently as four years ago, the world was still willing to live by assumptions—assumptions that the social order was right, that business was capable of indefinite progress, that God would be inordinately pleased with "square shooters with kind hearts," that one religion is as good as another. Today that is no longer the case. Times have changed, and in no respect more than in men's attitude toward the corporate spiritual life of mankind. People are hungrier than they have been in a good while for facts, truth, reality. The Catholic has, therefore, an exceptional opportunity—but grasping it will depend in great measure upon his ability to be himself.

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HOOVER AND STALIN

By GEORGE CLEINOW

The contrasted aims of the United States and Russia, though apparent in practice, are difficult to formulate as principles. In the following paper an effort is made to sketch the divergence between the possible effects of recent declarations by President Hoover and M. Stalin. We believe that few men living outside the borders of Russia have a better knowledge of conditions there than has Dr. Cleinow, of Berlin. His conclusions are, therefore of interest and value. In part the article is also a review of Mr. Bruce Hopper's "Pan-Sovietism" (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.)—The Editors.

THE SPEECH of indubitable leadership with which President Hoover surprised the world on June 20, transformed what had been a latent crisis into an open crisis. Was it also the introduction to a new era? On the one hand, his words may be — and might have been—the initial declaration of an age of social disturbance and war regarding the development and results of which human imagination can make not even an approximate prediction. But put into practice, on the other hand, those words could become the prelude to an epoch of peaceful coöperation between the peoples of the Latin, Germanic and American cultural groups, which future historians might conceivably term a golden age. . . .

It is only too true, however, that the distance between word and deed is long and difficult, and that the term "golden age" necessarily remains relative. We of today should be content with a modest amount of progress in the clarification of international relationships; for the past seventeen years have led us into a fearful social morass out of which many dare not hope to emerge again. No doubt, too, the future will see our present problems in a different light. To us just one thing seems certain: nationalistic-capitalistic imperialism, which found its full expression in the treaties of Versailles, St. Germain and Trianon, has now been given a wound we may hope is deadly. It seems possible to discern a road which leads, despite tremendous obstacles, toward a world-wide international capitalism with high social purposes. A new war, which opposition to the attitude taken by France might engender, would of course block this path and lead in all countries to the victory of that other candidate for world prominence, the Bolshevism of Lenin—Red Imperialism. On the other hand, a victory of the intent in Mr. Hoover's action would destroy the premises upon which both nationalistic capitalism and Red Imperialism depend for their existence.

Let us be optimistic. Far beyond its immediate financial and industrial purpose, Mr. Hoover's appeal carries the world a step further toward preparing the coördination of all those forces on the globe which we term "Christian culture," on the basis of social-national and international-capitalistic peace. The very fact that such antipodes as France and Germany might then recognize the existence of common distress would have an important moral weight. Such a recognition of such distress would, indeed, be so impressive that it could not easily be ignored even in the stress of catastrophic events. But we have not got this far.

I have emphasized the community of Christian culture. Though this has not as yet been summarized in a formal term having legal and juridical content, it is none the less tending as a whole to find acceptable expression in industrial ideas which do not, however, seem conceivable unless the existing interpretation of capitalism is changed under the leadership of the United States. Granted a solid industrial basis, the Christian culture community would appear as the opponent not of the ancient cultures of Asia but of the materialism sponsored by the Bolshevists. Where these cultures are at home—in the whole area of the Pacific, in China, India, Central and Near Asia—problems involved in the conflict between the Soviet system and democracy are being fought to differing conclusions. Asiatic cultures are just as seriously threatened by the Bolshevism of Moscow as is what we now call Christian civilization. But the Christian world still has the power to decide whether it will surrender the field to Bolshevism in the Asiatic world, for the Soviet Union is not yet powerful enough to take possession of Asia and use it as an ally against the Christian West. Mr. Bruce Hopper writes:

> The dominance has passed from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, and in the future must pass to the Pacific. Spengler's "Untergang des Abendlandes" may be a premature prophecy of the twilight of the European gods. Nevertheless, the arena is shifting to the new economic centers of the Pacific. The old East becomes the new West. It is there that capitalism and Socialism, America and Pan-Sovietism, will meet in conflict. The issue of that conflict is dark. . . .

But what is Pan-Sovietism? If it be still a sphinx, it is high time to unmask it. We possess the required information.

Originating in the distress inherent in a period of transition through which czarist Russia passed between the emancipation of the serfs (1861) and the building of the railroads, nurtured by the strife which raged among the peoples of Europe, kept alive by the timid inactivity of the capitalistic leaders of nations victorious in the war, Bolshevism will lose its strength as soon as the self-same capitalistic leaders take their duties to humanity as a whole seriously, and proceed energetically to allay the conflicts between themselves. Precisely this possibility of concerted action is suggested by the Hoover appeal, the meaning of which for mankind as a whole is lessened not a whit by the

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fact that the President was first of all anxious to serve American interests. This fact merely proves that American interests are now closely interwoven with the general interests of mankind and the world at large. As much cannot be said of France. For France is the country in which nationalistic imperialism is making its last stand, while the United States is already, morally speaking, in the advance guard of international, social-minded capitalism.

I am quite aware that this point of view will evoke the indignation of those who have turned their faces toward Moscow during the past fifteen years, expecting salvation from the Bolshevists active there. A critic usually disposed to be kind to me would probably say: "Objectivity" is here "surrendered to a form of polemics which seeks to discredit the ability of a new idea to expand by setting it against the background of a worn-out ideology." But I am discrediting nothing. Bolshevism is not the protagonist of a new idea, as its champions would have us believe, nor are the energies of growing organisms component parts of a worn-out ideology. The Bolshevism of Eurasia has nothing to do with ideology. It is simply the executive power carrying out those verdicts of a mechanistic age which capitalism, hampered by the restrictions which Christian culture lays on it, does not dare to carry out; and it employs catchwords dear to Socialism and Communism without adopting their humanitarian content. It is not Communism, Socialism or Marxism which rules in Eurasia, but Bolshevism—the same Bolshevism which, bred as a germ in a given Russian soil, then grew mighty as a result of the war, of the peace which followed that war, and of the conduct which characterized the industrial leaders of the victorious powers.

In the fall of 1925 I wrote as follows:

> The attitude and personal experience of life which characterizes the ruling Bolshevists is fed from two pools of enormous dimensions. Persecution of the separate national groups by the police and the church, which reached its most cruel stage in the treatment accorded the Jews, and persecution visited upon ambitious youth in all social classes—students, workers, peasants' sons—with whose idealism and constructive energy the old state could not reconcile itself, and whom it therefore sent to jail, to Siberia or the Tundra, or condemned to toil, sometimes in chains, on the Asiatic railroads.

From these pools there has flowed into the conceptions of industry that characterize the ruling group in the Soviet state that which I call ghetto and prison Communism—that which, in my opinion, is the real heart of the psychology which foreigners attribute to the war. During the quarter-century prior to the great conflict, millions of people went through these terrible pools, hundreds of thousands were destroyed in them or ruined physically and morally; but some thousands were not merely rescued by Lenin, with the help of the doctrine of Karl Marx, but were also brought up in the belief that their misfortunes had been caused entirely by the existence of privately held capital—the so-called capitalism. But these few who were saved constitute the strongest element in that conglomeration of peoples which old Russia bequeathed to a new era. It is possible that the battle-cry which led them to freedom may become their tragic fate. But at any rate ghetto and prison Communism will remain powerful for a long time to come and will, as a spring of infinite mistrust, cloud the relations existing between the Soviet state and the outside world.

The rôle confided by the Bolshevists to history will be played out as soon as Mr. Hoover's suggestion arrives at its full fruition. Mr. Hopper outlines their true function when he writes:

> Without the radicals, progress would be slow. Without Sinn Fein, there would be no Irish Free State. Without the Bolsheviks, the capitalist states would not recognize the dangers inherent in machine civilization.

They have, indeed, been the pike in the stagnant fish-pond of the bourgeois conscience.

With their overestimation of technology, with their subjection of all human factors to the tempo of the machine, with their hardly veiled covetousness, the Bolshevists have shown the world the mirrored picture, not of a new gospel but of a perverted capitalism in the age of the machine, by liberating themselves from every human responsibility to the people about them and from those restraints which suffice to keep modern European capitalism from the last step toward erosion, and which brought America to the fore as a possible leader of mankind. It is very characteristic of the American mood that it should have been an American (Mr. Hopper again) who wrote:

> My personal view of the struggle was stated long ago by Bobby Burns, that "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." But man is always interesting even when forlorn, for he never gives up his quest of the Holy Grail, which is to abolish poverty.

I am writing these lines in July, 1931—that is, just a few days after Stalin's address of June 23 which has been evaluated by some political scribes as a reaction of the Bolsheviki to the step taken by Mr. Hoover, and as a sign of conscious retreat from the principles of Communism. But that is paying this address too high a compliment. The remarks of Stalin tell us nothing beyond summarizing the experiences which Russia's industrial leaders had encountered during the first three years of the five-year plan and according to which they had already acted now and then. The address means very little practically in so far as the general political attitude of the Bolshevists is concerned; it was not delivered before a party conference of the W. K. P. but before a group of practical industrialists, some of whom stand outside the party. Stalin did not inaugurate any change of system, as did the famous speech of Lenin in March, 1921, but merely a possibly more intelligent utilization of the available Russian man power. In consideration of the depths to which social life has fallen in the Soviet Union, it is

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conceivable that recognition of the necessity for rewarding men differently according to their achievements may mean a mighty step forward. The question is, however, in which direction that step will be taken. Will the coming evolution of industrial energies strengthen, or will it undermine, the power of the Bolshevists?

At the time when Lenin had moved toward a new industrial program and toward a partial restoration of private property, I wrote:

> There are only a very few, and very unusual, leaders who have been able to rid themselves of the dark impressions received during the years of their boyhood and youth and who have thereby been able to become statesmen and directors of states, makers of their peoples. And none of these succeeded in the same measure as Lenin, who from the height of his powerful spirit dared to harness the ghost with which until then he had frightened his followers into unity—the mighty enemy, private capital itself—to the wagon of the interest of the Socialistic Soviet state, by proclaiming as part of his new industrial program the freedom of domestic commerce and so also the possibility of capital-building by private individuals.

Does Stalin likewise belong to the chosen few? Does he dare strike all Communism in the face in order to dig a road through the collectivized masses for personal ability, personal responsibility and individualism? Several years ago I observed:

> The routes which the Soviet Union is now excavating for the development of the peoples associated in it can be covered over only by the debris resulting from a world-wide conflagration in which not one but many peoples would have to sacrifice themselves, or by the gradual decline and inner collapse of the Bolshevists.

What would happen if one of these alternatives presented itself? The foreigner who understands what is involved and judges it realistically will also see what the industrial outlook is for him personally and will not try to do battle with Russian institutions and conditions with the weapons of private industry, as short-sighted egoists, fools, adventurers or betrayers advise. Mr. Hoover's move means for Bolshevism much the same thing as a serum injection with which a physician kills off the bacilli of disease; and therefore the Bolshevists naturally regard it as a call to arms against them. Stalin's address, however, is of such a character that it may be announcing the inner collapse of the Bolshevist organism. It is accordingly time to ask and ponder carefully the question if Stalin possesses authority and power at all comparable to that wielded by Lenin even in the hour of death. The seven points enumerated by the address of June 23 might possibly bring about the end of the party because they surrender a fund of Communistic dialectic which until now has been carefully conserved. Therefore the further question presents itself if now the development must be toward a closely curbed democracy under Stalin's dictatorship, or if the party will find itself face to face with the fact—the same fact which presented itself at the time when private commerce was reintroduced in the Soviet Union during 1921—that self-consciousness and opportunism will expose the central power to dissolution comparable to that of a bit of quicksilver placed on a glass.

It is indeed an hour freighted with destiny even on the Moskwa. The manifestations of leaders of the two great enemy camps in the future politics of the world possess, therefore, a complementary meaning of extraordinary importance for the coming powers in history. But it still seems as if neither Hoover nor Stalin had budged the French from their allegiance to national capitalistic imperialism. The responsibility for the fact that European culture may not be in a position to follow the suggestion of America in solid formation, and that Bolshevism may still, some few hours before its collapse, nevertheless succeed in determining the destiny of peoples first in Europe and later in the Far East, would seem therefore to be shouldered by France. Accordingly, one turns again to Washington and says that nothing is more dangerous in politics or life than halting half-heartedness in the middle of the road. It must be considered that the conduct of Stalin is not weakened by such compromises. Behind his world there stands the powerful will to succeed, of Bolshevists who add to their psychology from ghetto and prison the fear of the consequences of defeat.

"Blest Be the Inn—"

Blest be the inn where my feet have come!
My long journey's o'er.
My feet so weary and sore
Rest in this home
Prepared for the poor by One Who came
Before me over the same
Hard way.

Blest be the sounds of music and mirth
That come to my ears!
They quaff the chalice that cheers.
Fires of new birth
Course through the spent limbs of aged slaves—
The world had scarce granted graves
To these.

Blest be the lights that welcome me here
To such a large place!
This is no niggardly space.
Loved friends are near
I know; for, just now, I saw a form
I thought I'd lost in the storm
Back there.

Here I am free and I shout for joy,
For all tasks are done,
This is the goal I have won!
Once more a boy,
I'll dance with the youths and maidens fleet—
Then I will seek my own sweet
First love.

ROBERT R. HULL.

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STOCK-TAKING

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

IT IS conceded to be good business to take stock once in a while, even to put a firm of chartered accountants on one's books, to find out exactly where one stands and what may be one's profit or loss.

In the Catholic Church it is conceded to be good business to do the same thing with one's soul. Some people use houses set apart for that purpose in which to make annual retreats: yearly stock-taking, to review the principles of the soul business and to determine what may have been a spiritual profit or a loss in the preceding year. Other people go so far as to make a weekly or even a daily examination of conscience, and a confession.

There are three principal elements in a man's life, however. Besides the element of his soul—if he believes that such a thing is a main part of him—and the element of the business by which he makes his living, there is the element of the restricted human community in which he lives, which he cannot help influencing in one way or another by everything he does, and which in turn influences him and molds him to something quite definite and characteristic, setting him and his community apart from all other communities of that kind, which we call nations.

It is just as necessary to take stock of the status of the nation to which one belongs, and of one's place in it, as it is of one's soul and one's business.

It is in recognition of that fact that the President of the United States makes periodical reports on the state of the union. It is not, however, only the President's business to do so. It is very much the business of everyone who has the right and the privilege of American citizenship, to think about, and (if he be articulate) to express himself concerning, the nation and his place in it.

We do that in the United States to some extent, but very usually without any attempt at sober analysis of what we are and how we came into being as a nation, or of what we are trying to make of it.

We very rarely, for example, attempt analysis of the effect on whatever it was we attempted to do with this continent, of radical changes in population from those elements which began the experiment 300 years ago. Though American citizenship and the American nation is built up from European immigration, immigration and "the immigrant" (as we have taken to calling new arrivals, as if they were something peculiarly sacred) is so delicate a subject that we hesitate to touch it lest we hurt somebody's feelings.

Yet most of our social and political problems flow from radical changes of immigration, and our international and diplomatic problems are based on it in great part. It is not too much to say that a very large ratio of the problems which confront the spread of the Catholic religion in the United States flows from the same source. It is unquestionable that it stands out, and always has stood out, in the problems which confront the hierarchy in their administration of the corporate Church.

It is a plain and simple matter of American history, but curiously enough it is becoming usual either to study and teach American history tendenciously or to reject it altogether. To many American citizens, American history is either meaningless or positively distasteful, since it records matters which were done here or happened before their particular individual or group arrival; in which, therefore, they had no part and feel no present interest; representing something to which, even, they may be downright hostile.

Reluctance to take stock of our present situation, or antagonism toward those who believe it to be of vital importance, is strong evidence of the truth of these assertions. To gain further evidence, one has only to invite free discussion of American trends in the average college class of American history, in the Catholic press of the United States—or in a presidential campaign when both of the candidates happen to be outstanding representatives of the new citizenship, neither one of them formed in the old American tradition, and one of them a Catholic. The fact that a distinction is accepted between a "100 percent" American and any other kind of American, and the bitterness with which the distinction is drawn, is disturbing evidence of lack of common ground. The finality is disturbing with which the word "Tory" is applied to anyone who points out the facts of American history as against the innumerable fictions fostered by ignorance, semi-educated illiteracy or racial antagonism. The acceptance by Catholics of many things laid to the door of Catholicism which have to do with race antagonisms rather than with religion, is a further complication of the situation and a positive danger to the apostolic mission of Catholics, as well as to the evolution of the type of citizenship the United States should produce.

The plainest of historical truths is that American citizenship has grown by immigration; that there was a definite evolution of ideals and principles as to the formation of a new society and the best sort of government in it, during the first two centuries of our existence; that those ideals and principles grew within a community maintaining a fair degree of homogeneity for most of that period, in spite of the beginnings of varied immigration and in spite of certain wide divergences between people of the same general antecedents; that in course of time, and as the sources of immigration changed radically and increased in volume, whatever measure there was of homogeneity was broken, the consequent result that many of these "senior"

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ideas, very vital to those who conceived them and to their descendants, have become mere theories and abstractions to other "junior" American citizens who do not share that tradition: so that today there is not only not much, if anything, in common among us, but there is evident with increasing frequency a growth of discord which deserves attention. These manifestations may quite logically be resented; the underlying facts should not be. One cannot logically resent facts.

Yet many of us do.

It is true that these discords which plague us today became more sharply apparent as the Catholic immigration increased in volume toward the middle of the nineteenth century, and some two hundred years after those definite characteristics began to appear in us which set a people apart from others. It is true also however, that some of the principal sources of discord were analyzed accurately and weighed at that time by no less persons than President James Buchanan and Secretary of State William Seward, who at that time disposed officially of the very questions raised all over the United States in the late presidential campaign, seventy years later.

It is the sources of these discords which we ought to seek. If they are not dangerous, as I think they are, let it be shown. If they are dangerous, certainly Catholics have a duty to take their part in clarifying the whole situation for the good of Church and State.

A WREATH FOR JOHN DRYDEN

By SPEER STRAHAN

ON AUGUST 9, 1631, was born near Aldwinkle, in Northamptonshire, John Dryden. In 1700, after a national funeral, he was buried in Westminster Abbey, as Thackeray pleasantly exaggerates, "the marked man of all Europe." Yet in spite of the fact that he found English literature brick and left it marble, as Dr. Johnson says, there is no tomb of any of the greater literary figures about which the obscurity has been deeper; none of the immortals seems less living at the present time.

Perhaps the fault is that of the eighteenth century which worshiped him to extinction. His lines enrich almost every page of the famous Dictionary; Gibbon grew up on him, Burke and Charles Fox were deeply indebted to him. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu quoted him even in far-away Constantinople; even a visitor of an evening at the Vicar of Wakefield's might hear "a favorite song of Dryden sung." But popular taste had swung so far in the opposite direction at the beginning of the nineteenth century that Walter Scott's efforts to create a Dryden tradition were doomed from the beginning, and Romantic disgust reached its extreme left in Landor's contemptuous sentence, " 'Alexander's Feast' smells of gin at second hand." It was not till 1868 that Lowell could grant Dryden "a certain claim to greatness," and even later Matthew Arnold raised difficulties which still prevent his general acceptance as a poet.

Yet even more than Spenser, Dryden is your true poet's poet. Leaving to one side the unanimous verdict of the eighteenth century that raised him to the skies, almost every memorable poet since has left by word or example proof of his devotion. Among the Romantics themselves, Keats's later verse was brightened and strengthened by a diligent study of Dryden's versification. Byron's imagination was saturated with the "Fables" till Ravenna came to mean to him black pine woods and a lady pursued by hounds:

> Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's lore
> And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me.

Tennyson, Poe, even Cardinal Newman, as we have lately learned, were not blind to his charms. And from him Francis Thompson learned to write the couplets, "To My Godchild."

To recall his achievement, as one of his brilliant critics, Mark Van Doren, says, "He stamped his image upon every world of verse." Nowhere has "poetic force" been exercised more superbly than in "Absalom and Achitophel" and "Mac Flecknoe," and of these two pieces "Mac Flecknoe" seems to me the more flawless, a passport to pure sophistication. Without the "Elegy to Oldham" English letters would indeed be poorer: the metaphysicals themselves could scarce have bettered the "Ode to Anne Killigrew." To carry the war into the enemy's camp, the Romantics themselves have rarely written lovelier lines than his which describes the making of jewels in the Indes,

> In eastern quarries ripening precious dew.

Nor has any critic in any tongue exceeded him in wisdom and directness. He says of Shakespeare: "He had the largest and most comprehensive soul. . . . He needed not the spectacles of books to read Nature, but looked inward and found her there." And of Chaucer: "He is a perpetual fountain of good sense."

Much utterly mawkish writing has been wasted on his spotted bays. He was no worse than his contemporaries, and not as bad as some, for instance Etherege or Wycherley. His plays have lived because a few of them are extraordinarily good plays. For example, "All for Love," a beautiful recasting of Shakespeare's "Anthony and Cleopatra" on the lines of classic drama, may well be for the modern reader an image of thoughtfulness itself. The result is still Shakespeare in a sense, but Shakespeare perfectly assimilated and expressed by the French mind. Further, Dryden under-

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stands play-building better than Shakespeare, even when Shakespeare builds on an old play. Hence as one reads he senses the plan, the prior calculation just what the local and total effect of every speech and gesture may be, and such an exquisite balance between the curve of action and feeling results that the temptation is to treat it not as drama, but as opera.

It is regrettable that it should not seem possible to write on Dryden without explaining away his conversion, but happily Mr. Christopher Hollis has too lately demonstrated his sincerity for me to need to touch upon it here. As Mr. Hollis well remarks, Macaulay suppresses the only really telling piece of evidence in the poet's favor. Had he been as dishonest a time-server as Macaulay thinks, why did he miss the chance to turn Protestant again after the Glorious Revolution? Had he done so, he could have kept both laureateship and pension. Yet he refused utterly to recognize William III, even to the extent of dedicating his Virgil to him. And the poetic talent of England was so preponderantly on the side of James and Dryden that no one could be found to succeed him except silly Shadwell.

It stands in the record that Dryden had a marked distaste for the clergy. Yet after all, this may have been no more than the decent anti-clericalism that is sometimes the mark of a good Catholic. A close friend of the family, to whom may be due the priesthood of the poet's son, Erasmus, was the Dominican, Father Philip Howard, a most romantic figure of a romantic century. A member of the ancient family of that name, he came to England in official capacity as the chaplain of the Princess of Braganza at the time of her marriage to Charles II, and thenceforth spends the rest of the century appearing and reappearing through the English arras of Whitehall and Northamptonshire, much as does Mr. Hall in Shorthouse's novel, "John Inglesant," whose original he may very well be. After a succession of changes between Restoration London and the dying splendors of *settecento* Italy, he was toward the end of the century finally settled in great state in Rome as the Cardinal of Norfolk and archpriest of Santa Maria Maggiore.

Through him the poet's three sons, Erasmus, Charles and John, early became entangled in that undertow that during the seventeenth century drew back to Catholic lands so many who had suffered persecution. When the disabilities as regards the English universities fell upon the family, Erasmus Dryden studied his philosophy at Douay, and after a sojourn at the English college at Rome, became a novice with the Dominicans in Florence, and was ordained there in 1694. His early priestly life was divided between the convent of Sts. John and Paul on the Coelian, and the Priory of the Holy Cross in Bornhem, but in the year of his father's death he returned to England, and labored there on the mission till his own death ten years later.

Of the other two sons, Charles went to Rome as early as 1692, and was made a chamberlain in the household of Cardinal Albani, later Pope Clement XI. Here we are told he was often assisted by his brother John, a dramatist with at least one play to his credit. It was John who, with his mother, had preceded the poet into the Church, yet no one has yet taken pains to write that the prayers and example of son and wife (Dryden worshiped his family, though his brilliant marriage brought him an unhappiness much like that of Addison) may well have been forces that drew him Romeward more irresistibly than the uncertain favors of a headstrong king. It should also be recorded that he was efficaciously interested in another priest, Saint Francis Xavier, translating the French life of him by Dominic Bouhours into English.

Antiquam exquirite matrem! After 300 years "The Hind and the Panther" still remains one of the great theological poems in any language, and the "milk-white Hind" herself, "immortal and unchanged," one of the singularly lovely things of literature. It is in this poem he argues the Real Presence in cogent and moving language—and the pity of it is that this must be a unique passage in our literature. And when he describes the triumph of the Church, all his senses are enlarged, we feel blowing through his verse that same "clerenesse" with which mediaeval French poetry is filled, brightness that is the fulness and perfection of light.

Yet no seventeenth-century Englishman could write such a poem, and not suspect what the ultimate neglect of him might be. The truth is, as he grew older Dryden became more and more out of joint with some aspects of life considered typically English. He was a civilized poet, and with his high and right approval of French taste and civilization, it is not surprising he bewailed the fate that made him a poet of what he considered a dour, barbarian nation. On his tercentenary it would be pleasant to record that some sort of enthusiasm is rising in his favor, but the truth is there have been only two editions of his poetry since 1870, and beyond a few scattered scholarly essays there is little to show of contemporary interest. There is no definitive edition of his works. There has never been a definitive life, yet it is a task which some Catholic scholar of ability should not find uncongenial.

"L'inégal et impétueux Dryden," Voltaire called him, and the truth is, of course, as Mr. T. S. Eliot observes, that "Dryden, with all his intellect, had a commonplace mind." Yet it might be remembered that, commonplace or not, he at least spoke the truth without thought of personal advantage, whether it lost him a laureateship or the good-will of a burly young cousin who happened to be the future Dean Swift.

"Hail and farewell!" he cried in his matchless elegy to Oldham, "Thy brows with ivy and with laurel bound." Ivy and laurel seem fit leaves to mingle with the immortelles upon his marble slab in this year of grace. For he remains, and is apt to remain for a number of ages to come, "one of those who have set standards for English verse which it is desperate to ignore."

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LADIES

By ALICE MULHERN

MUCH of what Superior used to say in her talks on deportment was over our heads. Her explanation of what distinguished manner from manners, for instance, was too subtle. Yet it was not hard to answer when she asked why it was allowed to have an "air" so long as one had no "airs" about it.

There were three nice things about Etiquette—the chairs, the tea, and Sister Léocaddie's delicious jam sandwiches. Since the lessons in politeness were held in the sitting-room at collation time on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, we had the most comfortable chairs in the convent to sit on, and it was like a party either to help serve or to be waited upon. There was cambric tea for the girls in the forms and chocolate tea for us in the younger school.

Superior was so wise. No sooner had the maids brought in the steaming pots than she signaled the girls whose turn it was to be hostesses. An older girl and a younger one poured, the older keeping a sharp eye on her aid lest she fill a cup too full or let fall a drop on the saucer.

Once we had finished and the awe of being with Superior had somewhat lost its chill, the tea things were taken away. Then, gathered about in a circle, refreshed and rather at ease, we listened to the tenets of good breeding, the essentials of true gentleness. They were in story form, usually, made clearer by examples drawn from Superior's long life. Sometimes they were riddles or puzzles: So and So did such and such at such a time. Was it right?

More often than not the question was left unsettled until the next assembly. Such fights among us as hung upon that suspended query! Friendships balanced dangerously near to deadly hate; faces were scratched; braids were pulled in unexpected assaults as, in primitive fashion, we wrestled with a knotty point in conventional behavior. "You're wrong. You're wrong. You know you're wrong," small fists pounded on obstinate breasts, or small legs chased other small legs, as by fire and sword one wing of the religion of correctness battled the other wing.

On standard points we stood agreed, of course: with what hand to give and to take things; how to leave a room when older people were still in it; which arm to take when leaving the dance floor; the proper way to walk when out with another girl and a young man. We came to blows, however, on tangles like these: when was one old enough to stop curtseying upon being presented to older people; what to reply when complimented; how many cards to leave at a formal tea; if, when hostess, it is correct to pick up the right fork if, noticeably, a guest is already using the wrong one.

Yet, disagree as we would among ourselves there was one judgment against which we never rebelled, one final opinion. This was Superior's word. It was the highest court of ruling. Whatever she said was the truth, the right thing, not alone as to polite conduct but as to everything in our small world.

Our reverence for Superior was tremendous. She was so stately, so tall. She walked with such regal ease. She was no one but Superior. Her isolation from our daily life, except as a figurehead, was as complete as though her clay were of special mixture.

Why should she not know everything about what to do—had she not as a girl been presented at St. James's? (What color was her hair, I wondered. How strange she must have looked with three plumes stuck into it, and she in a low-necked gown!) Superior had been received in special audience by the Pope, too, and her brother had been a papal page. (Did the boys in the Vatican Choir and the papal pages ever play together, I wondered. Certainly, the pages must play sometimes, anyway. It must be tiresome to have to walk in measured rhythm for hours and hours. If I were a page, once I had time off, I should run, run, run, out of the gates and through the streets of Rome. A hill to run to the top of for each day in the week!)

A polite person is always on time. (Spring is on time this year—so my thoughts used to dash. Who sees the crocus at night-time, poking its way up through the chill, black ground? Does the tip of its pointed nose look at all like a mole's as it burrows through the upper layer of earth?)

It is a part of kindness, of consideration for others, which makes one on time, or which keeps one gracious even when forced to be rude. (Cloaked as protection must one be against those shrieking blasts of March which tear at the sitting-room windows. What color should be the cloak for me? My eyes are blue.)

But sometimes one must protect oneself, one's own integrity, from a rude person. (Oh, can it be possible? A story? Hurrah!)

In the days before Superior knew that she had a vocation, she used to visit a delightful family in Atlanta. Unfortunately, they had lost almost all they had owned in the war, so they had to cut down expenses as much as they possibly could. Their servants helped them beautifully.

Ice, for instance, was dear in the South in those days; but always at table in the house of Superior's friends was to be heard the tinkling cool sound of ice bobbing against the sides of the silver water pitcher from which the butler refilled the glasses. The daughter of the house and Superior one day peeked into the pitcher when the butler was not looking. Inside instead of ice was a shining napkin ring. They never told, and the clinking went merrily on from meal to meal, no one apparently the wiser. But to the prudent rudeness:

During Superior's visit the eldest son, who was on leave from his diplomatic post in London, came home for a flying visit to present to his family his bride, a Philadelphia heiress but a young women slightly unused to riches.

Although everyone in the household welcomed the newly married son and daughter with open hearts, their simple hospitality was not enough for the spoiled bride. She was determined that this proud family should realize her importance. "Oh, our wedding was one of the sensations of the London season," so she boasted the first evening at dinner. "It really was, you know, all Mayfair was there, everyone who amounts to anything. Why, it was so much in the public eye that it was cried through the streets of London."

"Cried through the streets of London," the young husband's exquisite old grand-aunt spoke up. "Cried through the streets of London? You poor children, we are so sorry; but Jimmie, dear," addressing her nephew, "could you do nothing at all to prevent it?"

(Nothing to prevent it. Nothing to prevent it. Nothing to prevent the lesson from coming to a close). As a sign of dismissal, Superior always stood up. Then, one by one, we shook hands with her and thanked her for "a pleasant afternoon," curtseying as we did so. Sometimes from embarrassment at being so close to the august one, we became frightfully awkward. This meant that we curtsied all over again, perhaps four times, or until we bobbed quite gracefully. (Whee-ee!

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Free at last! There still is time for a leaping gallop across the playground before the dressing bell rings!)

Our examination in Etiquette came once a year, on the morning of the first Friday after the Easter holidays. It was one of two kinds, questions or a theme. If a theme, Sister Mary Bernard wrote the subject on the blackboard. If questions, she handed them out to us on neatly mimeographed sheets.

Questions or a theme—which was it to be? Each year our troubled minds asked the speechless Fates—a theme or questions?

What do I know? Each of us examined our Etiquette conscience. A soiled handkerchief dropped by the owner may be pointed out but not picked up. Gloves are not taken off when shaking hands. The drinking goblet is placed at the tip of the dinner knife. When about to sit down, one must feel the bending in of the back muscles of the lower limbs. No well-bred person "flops" into a chair. After being presented to a bishop, one bows backward away from him—three bows for a bishop, five for a cardinal, the head bent gently but not too low, the right knee bent and slightly drawn back. One kisses a dignitary's ring only if he offers it. Guests fold the napkin if the family does.

One says "ma'am" only to queens. A drop of perfume placed the night before on the underwear to be worn next morning is in good taste. The face, the hair, the head, are not to be touched in public. One puts one's gloves on in the house, not when on the street. Gloves are to be worn, not carried.

Go out to dinner and leave the dance floor on the man's right. Europeans say that when out walking, a gentlewoman walks at the man's right. Americans say the man should walk near the curb. Never leave one's chaperone sitting alone. Be careful of the words, "lady" and "gentleman." When a simple word can well be used, use it instead of a long one.

A person well brought up makes no parade of learning, nor of accomplishments. Let me see. Was there not a story about that? Oh, yes. I remember: The choicest compliment Superior ever received as a girl was given her one day when a witty hostess said to her: "I should never dream, my dear, that you have brains—you enter a drawing-room like a lady and you don't argue politics with the men."

One returns most promptly anything borrowed. One is gentle, low-voiced, mild, yet stanch in defense of the right and of the weak. A guest always brings her own stamps when on a visit. Silk underwear is rarely a gentlewoman's choice. She prefers voile, linen, batiste. Keep in mind the trinity of street clothes, the hat, the gloves, the boots.

To be well-bred is to be inconspicuous. Dark colors are to be worn for day clothes when in town. One puts on black lisle stockings when shopping in the morning. Her need must be especially urgent for a gentlewoman to shop on Saturdays. In town she never wears a raincoat. For, if she must go out on a rainy day, she goes in her motor. Except for fancy dress, red frocks are denied. A handerchief is never other than fresh.

As to servants: it is enough to remember how the royal children of Austria were brought up. They were taught to be understanding of, protective of, and gentle with servants; to be frank, gay and sporting with their equals; to be courteous but unawed by their superiors; and to be fearless at all times.

Gracious, how can I ever think of it all? Be careful not to gulp when drinking water. Wine is sipped. Do not be afraid to eat celery. It always makes a noise. Please excuse me. Please excuse me. Please excuse me. Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear—examinations are such tangles, riddles, puzzles. Be kind, be willing, be thoughtful. Everything seems to move in threes: father, mother, children; nuns, lay nuns, servants; sun, moon, stars; dawn, noon, midnight; everything moves by threes.

It is not so really; but I am so tired. Into the study hall now we go, to meet the foe. . . . What is it to be, a theme or questions?

Sister Mary Bernard picks up a piece of chalk. Superior must have announced a theme. That's what I get for letting my wits go wool-gathering. . . . Oh, one thousand words on "What it Means to be Polite."

It's a little odd, that subject. A thousand words are so many. But here I begin, anyway, to do the best I can.

THE DUBLIN ZOO

By PADRAIC COLUM

I AM A zoo frequenter, but with an inclination toward the smaller rather than toward the more comprehensive zoos. I am glad there are mammoth ones in New York, in London, in Paris, in Antwerp, in Hamburg, but the zoo in Dublin which recommends itself as "a place for rational and quiet-minded recreation" is the type I really prefer.

I enter through a lodge that is thatched, weather-beaten and old-fashioned, and I immediately find myself beside creatures who look as if they had been expecting me—a look quite different from that of the animals and birds who have to stare at millions of miscellaneous people, whose visitors are "the public" and not "the neighbors." The peacocks and peahens and the silvery peacocks which display themselves on the lawn as I enter come straight to me with an obvious anxiety that I should not overlook them. But the peacocks and peahens are outflanked in their approach by bar-headed geese that come up from the pond, and with raised heads and throaty voices inquire if I have brought anything for a bar-headed goose. I stay for a while on this lawn; it is quiet and uncrowded. Jackdaws are in the trees around, redbreasts sing in the branches, a kingfisher darts around the pond across which water-hens make an anxious journey.

And there, across the pond—insolent, magnificent, monumental—are groups of vultures standing upon high rocks. They are unenclosed and there is nothing to prevent their taking to their wings. But they just hop around or flutter down from terrace to terrace. I suppose these vultures are like the rest of us: they don't leave these juts of rocks for the reason that they don't know where they would go if they left them. And so they perch there, tearing up a rabbit or croaking to each other—some quite dreadful piece of memoir, I am sure. But at this side of the pond we have jackdaws and birds of song. There are few bird sanctuaries in Ireland, and you see more unconfined ones here than in any other place in the country.

Next to the vultures in sinisterness I place the kangaroos. But there is something more unnatural about the sinisterness of the kangaroo: animals should have claws or hoofs, but not claws and hoofs; when one sees a kangaroo advancing on hoofs and holding out claws, one feels that this should not be. On the other hand, when he humps himself and advances on claws and hoofs, it is just as unnatural. Besides, there is something Asmodean in the shape of a kangaroo's head, and something of the underworld in the look of his eyes. I don't know what kangaroos are up to, but it is nothing that an honest beast should have any part in—that I am sure of.

My favorite in this zoo used to be the golden eagle. I go to his cage now, and have to confess to a disappointment. Those

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gleams of gold that my memory had spread over his neck and breast are not there. He is really black—there are small threads which in certain lights might be gold, but there are very few of them. If I were an eagle, I should prefer to be the kind of eagle that's next to the golden one—the tawny eagle from some place in Africa whose cinderous color is really striking. Then there are two birds that I can spend a long time looking at—one is a raven and the other is an owl. The owl is an African eagle owl. He has real shutters for eyelids, and he can sit here, raising and lowering one shutter and then the other, the whole day, I think, showing himself to be the most immobile bird in the world. The raven is a credit to our wild: he is a great, bold creature who looks more ready to tackle one than does the golden eagle.

Here they have, too, the seventh generation of Dublin-bred lions, a surprising record in lion-breeding. They look a healthy stock. But I must say that one lion in a cage that is just twice his length looks like another lion in the same predicament. Where there are cubs my feelings are different. It always puts me in heart to look at lion cubs: they have innocence and they have nobility; they look real children of kings. And I like the dignity with which their mother cares for and sports with them. The lions and lionesses here now bear Irish names. Aiofe and Maeve are right for lionesses, for we can associate them with something Amazonian, but surely the name of Deirdre is wrongly bestowed upon a lioness.

Here are some verses in which the Dublin zoo recommends a benevolent attitude to its visitors:

"And whence shall come the dross to pay
For tons of fish and stacks of hay,
And horses fallen by the way,

"The nuts on which the monkeys thrive,
The python's ox (devoured alive!)
Whose cost is quite prohibitive?

"Then, stranger, let your purse-strings ope,
Revive the fainting antelope,
And fill the elephant with hope;

"Nor doubt the humble bob you spend
Brightens the mandrill's latter end,
Or makes the apteryx your friend."

I like them so much that I have taken the liberty of reproducing them. I wish very much that I knew who the writer is.

Deep Summer

The fields are ripe with summer. Daisies blow
In silver tides with whitecaps of the sun
And there is silent music in their flow
Beneath the butterflies whose wings are spun
From dust of all the summers that have been.
The brook is dry and tangled with brown fern;
The moss's slow processional of green
Across a stone, a bud that soon will burn
Into a blackberry flower, are all that spring
Bequeathes today. The torrid sun slips low;
The West is suddenly afire. I fling
My book aside and with a cry I throw
Myself into the daisies that shall soon
Be beating their white breakers on the moon.

DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY.

COMMUNICATIONS

CATHOLICS AND GRADUATE STUDY

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor: It appears to me that Mr. Charles N. Lischka, in THE COMMONWEAL for August 5, has let his wholly admirable enthusiasm for the *res Catholica* lead him astray in his judgment of Dr. Deferrari's recent article on "Catholics and Graduate Study." In the first place Dr. Deferrari nowhere suggests, as Mr. Lischka would seem to imply, that the need is for more graduate students of whatever sort; he is simply stating the fact that we Catholics ought to have more graduate students; he takes for granted, it may be supposed, that the inferior will be either refused admittance, or (if they somehow manage to conceal their deficiencies from the admission authorities) later weeded out, in any respectable university. When Mr. Lischka says that the "real problem of the universities, as far as *interna* are concerned, arises not so much from a dearth of doctors as from an abundance of inferior and average students," I think he badly confuses the issue. If I understand Dr. Deferrari's position, he is not limiting his discussion to the *interna* of our universities; rather he is considering the whole question of the Church's intellectual leadership in modern American life. The problem is not merely how Blank University is to justify its existence by a respectable faculty and satisfactory students; it is much more fundamental than that. The question is, What leaders in the learned world has the Church today, and what leaders is she to have in the future? If a student in an undergraduate course in English wishes to get an adequate account of, say, the orthodoxy of Dryden's writings, have we the work of a Catholic scholar to which we may direct him? How many Catholic names do we find on the title pages of the new books on science? What Catholics are standard authorities in the fields of history, of philosophy, of the languages? We have any number of capable "text-book" teachers; but how many who are able to produce text-books? How many who are trained to dig out the facts that eventually find their way into the text-books?

Catholic scholarship, everyone knows, has a worthy record; but we cannot for that reason rest on our achievements. Subtracting the useless and the faulty, which all real scholars deplore, we are confronted with an enormous mass of first-rate research work, yearly poured forth from non-Catholic universities. Now to me it seems clear that unless we add our share to this work, we shall find it difficult to maintain our traditional position in the intellectual world. But Mr. Lischka would have us cease copying non-Catholic universities. To this plea we should all assent, it is to be hoped, if there is question of copying features out of harmony with Catholic principles; but in matters of disinterested scholarship an attitude of humility and willingness to learn could hardly injure our dignity or endanger our independence.

Mr. Lischka further affirms that the mission of Catholic universities is to "produce strong and aggressive leaders, trained in truth, firm in faith, vigorous in virtue." To be sure. But the question still remains, How are we to do it? Mr. Lischka wishes the Catholic universities to select only superior and "extraordinary" students; but, granted that we do make this happy selection, what training are we to offer them? If we are speaking only of undergraduate work, we may indeed care for them by the usual way of properly conducted undergraduate courses; but the problem is still with us, Who is to do the scholarly work on which the undergraduate work is based? Who are the Catholic authorities to whom reference

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will be made? To sum it all up, how are Catholic scholars to be produced?

Scholars the world over have found by costly experiment that there are right methods of conducting a piece of research. A student in a competent graduate school is taught these methods; in other words, he is taught his business, just as a student of surgery is taught his business, or a student of the piano his. Obviously, a great genius might learn to extract an appendix without a teacher, but most of us would feel safer with him if he had his diploma. He may learn later on to make a different slit, much more suitable to the operation than the one he was taught; but it is hardly fair to call the first method "stale," at least before the new one is discovered. We should be in a bad way if our capable physicians, generals or scholars had to be geniuses. We hope to turn up a marvel now and then, but ordinarily we have to be content with talent of various degrees of distinction.

One more point. While it is true, of course, that "the spirit of search for the new, ignoring or despising the old, is supremely perilous," it is hardly necessary to link the search for the new with contempt for the old. And there is such a thing as "new truth," in the sense that it may be new to us. Cardinal Gasquet has pointed the way in one direction in his studies in English history of pre-Reformation times; he has brought "new truth" to light, truth that we are using every day in our apologetics, but truth that somebody had to unearth before it could be used. For this truth no amount of rhetoric is a substitute; and it is discovered, ordinarily, by scholars trained by other scholars,

It is alarming to read in Dr. Deferrari's paper that we have hardly enough scholars of eminence to staff competently one university; but if this is true we ought to busy ourselves about improving our position. And we can do this, it seems to me, only by building up our graduate schools, beginning, it would seem most logical, with the schools of our chief center of graduate training, the Catholic University of America.

REV. VINCENT J. FLYNN.

WHAT VALUE EDUCATION?

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: I read with interest and complete agreement the two leaders in the left-hand column of page 334 of the issue of THE COMMONWEAL dated August 5, 1931. The views expressed there represent my ideas in regard to discipline in education and I could not resist writing to you on the subject.

None of us are infallible, but age and experience do give a perspective and breadth of vision that youth and inexperience cannot have. I have always felt that it would be a gross dereliction of duty on the part of the older generation not to give the younger generation the benefit of what they have learned by study and observation.

It is not always pleasant nor agreeable to force these lessons on the younger ones, and often it is inconvenient for elders to take the necessary time and trouble to this end. Many simply shirk their responsibilities. Many others who would be shocked at the brutal suggestion of letting the younger generation work out their own salvation, greedily grasp at the euphemistic paraphrase—"to allow them to develop their own individualities." I think little of Montessori systems or of purely elective programs wherein the election is left to immature children.

The foregoing reasons explain my interest and agreement in the leaders mentioned above.

WILLIAM D. CONNOR,
Major-General United States Army,
Commandant, the Army War College.

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THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Huckleberry Finn

THAT same romantic vagabondage haunts the episodes of the screen version of "Huckleberry Finn" which made its predecessor, "Tom Sawyer," an unalloyed delight. Junior Durkin again takes the part of "Huck" and Jackie Coogan the part of Tom. Both of these young artists display a sensitivity, a poise and a technical skill of a degree rare even among older actors.

The story has admittedly undergone modifications for screen purposes, but remains an epic of boyhood on the edge of adolesence. It begins where the Tom Sawyer film left off—after the discovery of the gold in the cave—and carries through to the end of that memorable journey down the river on a raft, where the boys nearly become ensnared by the confidence men who pretend to be ex-royalty with "letters of mark."

What this series does is to recapture utterly the illusion of youth and of day-dreams. I cannot imagine a healthier spiritual dose for the harassed man or woman of today than an hour shared with these boys. Even the toughest hide would be punctured by their irresistible spirit of romance and adventure. I honestly believe that if a group of querulous European statesmen and financiers could be made to interrupt even one of their interminable parleys long enough to sink into the mood of Huck's and Tom's adventures the moral impasse of Europe would be broken! The whole trouble with the world is that men have forgotten how to laugh. They cannot laugh without the wine of deep certainties. And it is precisely those certainties which emerge so triumphantly from the annals of Huck and Tom—certainty that even the most work-a-day things hold glamor, certainty that adventure lurks behind every tree and around the corner of every house, certainty that some things are right and others wrong, certainty that faith and loyalty count more than other human values. These Twain classics are among the happiest contributions to screen literature ever made.

What of the New Season?

A RECENT headline in one of the New York papers reads as follows: "Broadway has a brand new season, but no new plays." Now, this is a truly remarkable state of affairs. Most recent seasons have opened with a sense of crowded expectancy, with a perceptible quivering of enthusiasm and hope beneath the surface, not to mention a frantic jockeying for position. Apparently the general economic uncertainty has at last hit "show business" as well as every other kind of venture. The newspaper headlines, however, are a trifle misleading. There are plays aplenty in manager's offices, and production plans, though a trifle late in starting, are by no means at a standstill. Beyond the realms of mere "show business" there is a certain inner life of the theatre which no kind of economic pressure can subdue. This life is furnished by a few of the artist-playwrights.

In one sense, this year will prove rather critical for the true artistry of American playwrights. Their work—if recently done—will reflect the moral, spiritual and economic crisis through which the world is somehow managing to live. This in itself is a test of no mean proportions. Creative work can be anaesthetized by fear and uncertainty almost as much as by fatuous prosperity. The artist is either penetrated by forebodings in one case or riding the chariot of false energy in the other. It takes a strong will and an abiding faith to keep the creative spirit firmly in hand when the world is awry. But there is a further test ahead which is personal to a few of our conspicuous playwrights. Philip Barry, Eugene O'Neill and George Kelly each have an acute problem to face and this coming season will give a real clue to their future development.

This trio is of particular importance to the American theatre. O'Neill is the emotional poet; Barry is the versatile interpreter of our changing moods; and Kelly is the expert reporter of our foibles and amusing weaknesses. But none of the three is fully satisfied with his present rôle. O'Neill wants to become a philosopher, explaining "world sickness"; Barry is torn between the seriousness that inspired his "Hotel Universe" and the cheap and easy pseudo-romance of his "Tomorrow and Tomorrow"; and Kelly is becoming a bit too anxious to moralize or else to enter into the tragic mood. I do not believe in forcing shoemakers to stick to outmoded lasts, and least of all when the shoemaker happens to be an artist. But I do believe that in seeking to depart from their established ways, these three men are burning many bridges behind them. They may never be able to recapture the mood of some of the best work they have done. They cannot afford, as artists, to fail in what they are now attempting—nor can the American theatre well afford to have them fail.

The case of O'Neill is the most crucial. In "Strange Interlude" he foreshadowed a great deal of what is now happening to him. In that play, everything of human value, even life itself, was sacrificed to building up the ego and the success of a very mediocre man. Did this imply that O'Neill himself was about to sacrifice his true poetic instinct to building up a distinctly inferior side of his own artistic character? I think all the evidence says "yes." His next play, "Dynamo," showed the effort of a man to find "a new god" in science, as embodied in the idea of the dynamo. The effort resulted in the man's death. Also, the play itself was so remote from the great universals in which poets work, that it failed to win the least public response. I understand that those who have read O'Neill's forthcoming play, "Mourning Becomes Electra," feel that he has once more achieved something of importance. If so, it can only be because he has abandoned his search for "new gods" and for lesser values in his own soul, and has returned to the rich intuitions which made such a play as "Great God Brown" a memorable poem.

Philip Barry's genius for true comedy, as expressed in "Holiday," found a tragic counterpart in his "Hotel Universe." But when he abandoned both of these authentic moods to write the meretricious clap-trap of "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," he showed a momentary lack of artistic integrity. This play had about it the sickly sweet odor of a warped psychoanalysis. It was something written in a prison of emotional fog. It was not the real Barry at all. We need the real Barry urgently. His next play should tell us whether or not we have lost him.

There is far less reason for concern about George Kelly. His attempt at the tragic mood in "Behold the Bridegroom" was such a dismal failure that last season, in his "Philip Goes Forth," one could almost detect Kelly in the act of poking fun at himself for reaching after "higher significances." His humor is robust enough to carry him through any temporary crisis. Still, it is far too long since we have had anything from his pen with the superlative mockery and gaiety and inner charity of "The Show-off." Another play of equal calibre would be a cherished gift to the theatre in a none too promising season.

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BOOKS

A Careless Traveler

Mexican Maze, by Carleton Beals. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.00.

IT IS difficult to understand why this book has achieved popularity. Perhaps it is due to the excellent illustrations of Diego Rivera, or to the one page discussing the now academic question of American intervention, a discussion which has been widely exploited by press agents; perhaps to the prestige of its choice by the Book League of America. Certain it is that few books have been permitted to appear in such a slovenly form. It is inaccurately indexed and carelessly edited. Scenes, ideas, paragraphs are monotonously restated. And someone has permitted numerous errors of grammar and spelling.

But these may be dismissed as minor. "Mexican Maze" does emphasize something which most Americans ignore, the preponderant influence of the Indian in the organization of Mexican life and expression of Mexican art; though Anita Brenner in "Idols behind Altars" has covered this field thoroughly, with erudition, with art and with dignity.

Dignity is a quality which Mr. Beals unhappily lacks. He employs a forced, stilted, florid style. Menckenian phrases, prismatic adjectives and violent verbs, together with Freudian ideology, provide a good example of the flowery style, modern fashion. Only here and there do passages of serene beauty appear. The Easter festival at Amecameca is described with reticent care and with an understanding of spiritual forces which is unfortunately absent from other portions of the work.

For here it is necessary to protest at more than literary defects. If an author chooses to toss a number of essays into the form of a volume, he is at liberty to do so and to catch the dollars, and the critical strictures too. But he should not incorporate into a work purporting to interpret the Mexican spirit a piece of political propaganda. The chapter on the Church entitled "Background" is simply anti-clerical propaganda as of the year 1926. Now that passions have cooled after the Church-State struggle, no disinterested observer would subscribe in full to this indictment of the Church.

What Church does Mr. Beals mean? The Church of a few misguided intransigents like Garato, or the overwhelming majority of moderate clergy, such as Archbishop Ruiz y Flores? He revives the old error of attributing the excesses of a few clerics to the whole organization. He flays the mistakes of the clergy—the anti-registration move was a mistake—without allowing for the natural myopia of the clergy in the foreign realm of politics and agitation. He forgets that the Church could have plunged the whole country into an even more dreadful civil war, into dissolution and perhaps to its own temporal profit, if it had not genuinely desired peace from the first. It has suffered, but mainly through its own Christian forbearance.

The author apparently supports without exception the religious provisions of the Constitution of 1917, although today no intelligent liberal in Mexico will defend them without reservations. Vasconcelos, certainly never a clerical adherent, saw and protested against the evils inherent in them; now Luis Cabrera, the latest liberal hope, desires to have certain provisions repealed.

It is unfortunate that such an earnest student of Mexico as Mr. Beals should let himself be represented by such a hasty compilation. It is doubly unfortunate that the Church should be sacrificed to make a Book-club Roman holiday.

FRANK C. HANIGHEN.

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Umbria's Crusade

Brother John: A Story of the First Franciscans, by Vida D. Scudder. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50.

THE FLASHING literary fiber in Brother John is so carefully sustained in the great wealth of annals of the early days of the followers of Saint Francis of Assisi that the reader's first interest centers around the background of the writer. The book suggests nights and days spent in the weary search for facts—things that happened centuries ago in the development of a great order of men. The manner in which the entire fabric is spun together is the work of a brilliant reporter and devotee. Vida D. Scudder certainly gives lay readers of Brother John a remarkably vivid picture of the Franciscan period, while she contributes to clerical essayists a splendid lesson in structure and easy narrative style. Many of the latter gentlemen, whose writings fail to obtain popular approval, can find in the perusal of this book that the presentation of human equations adds much to well-planned and forceful material. Miss Scudder picks up her human interest weft and warp at the beginning and keeps their active patterns in the story foreground to the end.

Miss Scudder is the daughter of an American missionary, who lost his life in India when she was a child. She is a niece of the late Edward P. Dutton, the publisher. Many years ago her youthful mind, motivated no doubt by her father's tragic death, led her to an intensive study of the beginnings of the Franciscans, and she made their period "her own" in a special way. In consequence, "Brother John" is not the story of an individual but the history of an epoch when poverty harassed Europe even as it has blanched the entire civilized world within the past months. The humble followers of Saint Francis laid their foundation for fighting this wretchedness with the enthusiasm and spirit of their founder. Members of the Third Order of Saint Francis must find great lessons in its reading, while the average Catholic will appreciate the years of study devoted to our great, humble friars by this professor of Wellesley College.

EDWARD J. BREEN.

France at Yorktown

Correspondence of General Washington and the Comte De Grasse, August 17-November 4, 1871; with Supplementary Documents from the Washington Papers in the Manuscripts Division of the Library of Congress; edited by the Institut Français de Washington. Senate Document No. 211. Washington: Government Printing Office. $.60.

THE DOCTRINE of "Americanism incompatible with Catholicism," as voiced by many leading journals since the 1926 Eucharistic Congress at Chicago, and the presidential campaign of 1928, has been avenged at last.

The publication as a Senate document of the Washington-De Grasse correspondence, ordered by the Seventy-first Congress at its second session, places the Catholic Church in its true relation to American history. No longer dare it be said that a public demonstration by Catholics reveals "a lack of assimilation of recent immigration," or that for 200 years "social standing in America has been overwhelmingly Protestant." The situation at the battle of Yorktown disproves such assumptions. Without the French army and navy there would have been no distinct American nation, and with every French military force went the French Catholic priest.

The present volume has a special value for Catholics, since

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it makes manifest the profound enthusiasm for liberty and the atmosphere of social culture that belong to the Catholic tradition. This is not to deny the same traits to American Protestantism. On the contrary, the correspondence in this document shows the most perfect harmony and courtesy existing between French and Americans, officers as well as privates.

The time covered is about ten weeks. Three days after arriving, De Grasse, occupied in unloading his land forces, gives battle to a British fleet coming to the relief of Cornwallis. He disables it so that today this conflict is spoken of as "the British naval Waterloo off the Chesapeake." While De Grasse, joined by Barras and his fleet, blocked Yorktown by sea, Washington, Rochambeau and Lafayette with their respective armies and that under Saint-Simon brought by De Grasse, cut off all possibility of retreat for the British. Surrender came before the end of the seventh week.

The emotions raised by the sudden and brilliant success of Yorktown found expression in religious and humane acts. Thus we see Washington ordering the release of all military prisoners "so that joy might be universal," and Congress going in a body with bowed heads to offer thanksgiving in a neighboring church; the Comte de Rochambeau with his army and the Chevalier de la Luzerne, French minister in Philadelphia, offer Te Deums of gratitude, that of the minister being attended by Congress in a body and all other notables in the city. Finally December 13 was set by Congress as a day of universal thanksgiving and prayer. In France, Louis XVI addressed the archbishops and bishops of his realm, requesting them to order Te Deums sung in the churches of every diocese of France. The documents show that the thought uppermost in the minds of the leaders in both countries was less victory than peace.

ELIZABETH S. KITE.

For Mencken and Others

The Way of the Sceptic, by the Reverend John E. Graham. New York: The Dial Press. $3.00.

FATHER GRAHAM'S book is written in answer to the interpretations of Catholic dogma and tradition by men either biased in their attitude or only superficially acquainted with these matters. Specifically, it is a reply to H. L. Mencken's "A Treatise on the Gods." The reviewer of this book is a non-Catholic and he can testify to some amazement that the author should have troubled to dignify Mr. Mencken's harangue with so scholarly an answer. But Father Graham is reckoning, no doubt, with the glitter which Mr. Mencken's false jewels may have for the eye of casual observers, and bids these observers look twice.

From this point of view, "The Way of the Sceptic" is a very wise and necessary book. It takes up with great explicitness points of faith and practice on which Catholics are likely to be questioned not only by the smart and nimble-witted Menckenites but by the prejudiced among Protestants and by persons who have no religious ax to grind one way or the other. It is a very careful and competent laying low of those pet notions about the Catholic Church which prevail even in moderately well educated circles. Some of these notions are that the faithful do not understand what is going on at Mass, that priests deliberately stand between God and the individual soul, that the Church does not want its members to read the Bible, and that Catholics believe that outside Saint Peter's fold there is no salvation. Here then is an adequate accounting for these and a number of other bits of misinformation.

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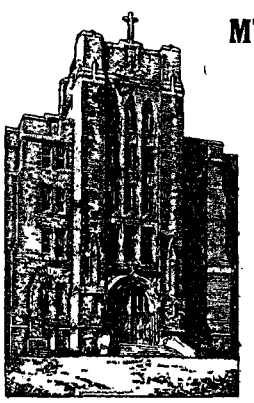

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Briefer Mention

Burton, by Fairfax Downey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

IN WRITING a biography of Sir Richard Francis Burton, Mr. Downey unfortunately disregarded the fact that his subject was sufficiently glamorous to make overelaborate dramatization unnecessary. Yet there must be admitted a certain appositeness in a style and treatment which, while decidedly tainted with sensationalism and gawky enthusiasm, reflects the vigor and daring of an unusual Victorian figure. On the other hand this method, concerned as it is with deeds, prevents that careful analysis of character and motive necessary to a complete depiction of a man who was at once an enigma and a stormy petrel in the British Foreign Service. Mr. Downey takes up the cudgels for Sir Richard in the arena of his service to the empire; actually what fame attaches to Burton's name proceeds from his achievements as an explorer. Even his translation of the "Arabian Nights," generally supplanted by expurgated editions, today earns him little renown.

The Nineteenth Century: August, 1931.

AMERICAN interest in the standard British reviews has declined somewhat, owing no doubt in part to a decade of over-conservative editing. Today there is every reason why intelligent readers should modify this attitude and put at least one English periodical back on their reading list. It would be difficult, for instance, to find an issue of any magazine richer in intelligent comment than the current *Nineteenth Century*. An article by Mr. Hodson summarizes British impressions of the Hoover moratorium and deserves attention in this country. Major-general Fuller's portrait of Gandhi is by no means the standard product, and manages to be provocative as well as nearly convincing. Mr. Denis Gwynn writes excellently of the dispute between the Vatican and Fascismo, concluding that though things might have been more peaceful under another Pope, Catholic Action would not have developed nearly so much verve and initiative. Major-general Sir Frederick Maurice reviews General Pershing's book, and confirms one in the impression that this book was a mistake. We were likewise glad to meet again Mr. Strong's account of an anthology he once edited, which account appeared some time ago in THE COMMONWEAL. There are many other things of excellence in a varied literary menu. The suffix, *and After,* which follows the *Nineteenth Century's* title, was never more merited.

CONTRIBUTORS

DR. GEORGE CLEINOW, who has devoted nearly a lifetime to the study of conditions in Russia, is a lecturer at the Berlin Hochschule für Politik and the author of "Roter Imperialismus" (recently noticed in THE COMMONWEAL), "Der Grosse Jahrmarkt von Nishnij-Nowgorod" and other books. The translation is by George N. Shuster.

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